

# OVER HERE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, NO. 3.

Volume I.

Rahway, N. J., Friday, January 24, 1919.

No. 9

## Red Cross Great Aid In Winning The War

### Surgeon General Praises Its Efficiency and Describes Work Done

"Without the help of the American Red Cross the Army Medical Department could not have done its work," is the statement of Major General Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the army, in an article which will appear in the February issue of the Red Cross Magazine. General Ireland, in paying the highest tribute to the efficiency of the greatest relief organization, tells just how it co-operated with the military authorities.

"Our greatest enemy in this war was not the Germans, but dirt," says General Ireland. "Never before have soldiers had to fight so much exposed to dirt and filth. And yet never has a great war been won with so little suffering and death caused directly by this enveloping contagion. For this achievement—and there has been no greater in the late war in Europe—we have to thank most of all the American Red Cross."

Of the Red Cross organization he says:

"It possessed a remarkable facility for adopting itself to any emergency, however unexpected, and its personnel always evinced the finest readiness for co-operation. The millions of surgical dressings, knitted articles, refugee garments and other supplies it contributed—for these things alone it would have deserved the army's unstinted praise. All the splints used in all our hospitals in France, both of the army and Red Cross, came from the Red Cross. It furnished more than a quarter of a billion surgical dressings. It sent over enough sweaters for every man in our overseas forces."

"The work of the Red Cross as an organization began beyond the army's evacuating hospitals and continued through base hospitals, convalescent homes, recreation rooms, railway food depots, on board the steamers, and on back to our own shores, and is continuing until the men reach home."

"This had been the work, involving as it did thousands of devoted workers and minute attention to numberless trifles, which the army organization alone could never have performed."

Sergeant Vincent has drawn an attractive poster advertising the English class at the School. He has recently started attending the drawing department at the School and this poster is his first attempt.



CHARLES D. FREEMAN, FIELD DIRECTOR, RED CROSS.

### Mr. Freeman is Appointed Field Director for R. C.

Mr. Charles D. Freeman, who has been an assistant director for the Red Cross, has been appointed Field Director at this Hospital and has entered upon the duties of this important office. He succeeds Mr. Charles T. Ferrin who came here two months ago.

Mr. Freeman had shown his patriotism and his deep interest in the wounded men long before his appointment as Field Director. The ground on which the Hospital is built is owned by him, and is leased to the Government at a nominal price. He has been active at all times in making the Hospital life enjoyable for the men and on more than one occasion he has slighted his business affairs in order that the Hospital might benefit.

With characteristic modesty, Mr. Freeman declines to make any statement of his plans or purposes. Those who know him best, however, say that he is entering into the work

### Huge Sum Needed to Pay Losses of Big Explosion

The appropriations necessary to pay for private property destroyed in New Jersey by the explosions last October at the Gillespie shell-loading plant will approximate \$3,658,000, according to a report to Congress by the War Department. The department estimates that 10,000 claims will be filed.

The board of army officers in charge of the investigation reported that it did not believe it had authority to adjust claims of insurance companies or those of individuals for loss of rent on destroyed buildings.

Mr. F. R. McGuire, of the Pullman Company, has made a gift of some books to the school. They are shelved in the American Library Association Vocational Library.

of Field Director with his usual zeal and that the patients at No. 3 are assured of his entire devotion and consideration.

## Need Protection In Readjustment Days

### Those Who Let Policy Lapse Lose Their Insurance Rights

One of the last messages written by Secretary McAdoo, before he retired from the President's cabinet, was an appeal to soldiers and sailors to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance.

The message follows:

To the Soldiers and Sailors of America:

Approximately four million officers and men of the Army and Navy are now insured with the United States Government for a grand total of almost thirty-seven billion dollars.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance. It is the strongest, safest and cheapest life insurance ever written.

For your protection Uncle Sam has established the greatest life insurance company in the world—a company as mighty, as generous, and as democratic as the United States Government itself. Just as Uncle Sam protected you and your loved ones during the war, so he stands ready to continue this protection through the days of readjustment and peace.

The privilege of continuing your Government insurance is a valuable right given to you as part of the compensation for your heroic and triumphant services. If you permit the insurance to lapse, you lose that right, and you will never be able to regain it. But if you keep up your present insurance—by the regular payment of premiums—you will be able to change it into a standard Government policy without medical examination. Meantime you can keep up your present insurance at substantially the same low rate. The Government will write ordinary life insurance, twenty-payment life, endowment maturing at age 62, and other usual form of insurance. This will be Government insurance—at Government rates.

The United States Government—through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department—will safeguard you and your loved ones with the spirit and purpose of a Republic grateful to its gallant defenders. To avail yourself of this protection, you may keep up your present insurance. Carry back with you to civil life, as an aid and an asset, the continued insurance protection of the United States Government.

Hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance.

W. G. McADOO.



## Patients Have Big Evening At Dance Given to Friends

The Red Cross House has been the scene of many interesting events, but none perhaps offered more memorable features than the "Patients' Dance" given Monday night. It must be listed as one of the most successful entertainments offered to the convalescent men for their appearance during the three hours of dancing showed the keen delight which was theirs.

The hours appointed were 7 to 10 and the partners were young ladies who are residents of nearby towns and who were brought here by a number of chaperones. Thirty minutes before the girls were due to arrive, the seats which circle the Red Cross floor were packed with expectant soldiers who kept their eyes upon the door and sang songs to help pass the time.

There were large numbers of men, of course, who could not participate in the program of dancing. In some cases it was the loss of a leg, or an injured spine or some other injury which confined the soldier to a chair or crutches. But there were others who were in fine condition and they indulged in dancing while their sitting-out fellows watched and cheered from every nook and balcony in the big house. Many of the men displayed bandaged hands and there were two or three who had become so adept in the art of walking on artificial limbs, that they had no difficulty in attempting the waltz and the fox trot.

The music was all that could be desired and the gracious bearing of the feminine guests gave early assurance of the success of the evening.

Members of the Red Cross staff and the volunteer workers of the Mercy House Canteen spent a busy evening serving punch to the men who were grouped around the house. Toward the close of the party ice cream and cakes were served.

The arrangements for the dance were in charge of P. W. Stevens, associate directors of the Red Cross staff.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

The Craft Shop is indebted to the Wednesday Morning Club, of Cranford, N. J., for its interest in helping equip the Department of Applied Designs.

Mr. J. M. Dockstader, supervisor Manual Training, Perth Amboy, N. J., is generously giving time and experience in assisting the men in the Craft Shops and in the Wards to become interested in the working of wood and tins into toys and many practical articles of furniture.

Miss Mabel Edgerly, Laboratory Technician, has been given an honorable discharge and has returned to her home in New York. This is in line with a recent order providing for the discharge of female technicians when it is possible to replace them with enlisted men.

### WARD 23

Nothing to report this week except music—that is to say the Ward is equipped with a small number of musical instruments and a large number of ambitious Officers.



Cutey Guest—I suppose you have been through some pretty tight squeezes.  
The Overseas Kidd—Well, miss, the nurses have been very nice to me.

### SOLDIER OUT O' LUCK.

Now sing we a song of a soldier gay,  
(Bacon and beans and plenty of stew)

Who sent a request to the office one day,  
Demanding politely, but firmly, that they

Send him his discharge without further delay,  
(Lots of potatoes and stew).

No further worry disturbed the man,  
(Bacon and stew and plenty of beans)

Of course he'd get it—he even began  
To pack up his things and time tables to scan,

He'd marry "the only" as part of the plan  
(My goodness! potatoes and stew).

His papers were sent in the regular way  
(Tea and stew and bacon and beans)

They'd go to an office and then they would stay  
On well ordered desks for many a day,

Awaiting some general's needed O.K.  
(Good Heavens! potatoes and stew).

He waited a month, he waited a year  
(Bacon and stew and lots of cold tea)

Seasons went by, some sunny, some drear,  
But the worst of it is, the poor chap's still here.

(Ugh! Sour potatoes and stew!)

—MABEL PATRICIA.

### HOSPITAL ORDERS.

1. Colonel Astley P. C. Ashhurst, M. C., having reported at this station, will report to the Chief of the Surgical Service for duty, and during his absence is assigned as Acting Chief of the Surgical Service.

2. Captain Otto N. Warner, M. C., having reported at this station, will report to the Chief of the Surgical Service for duty.

3. In future all officers (patients and staff) will submit their pay vouchers so as to reach the Quartermaster on or before the twentieth of each month. Should they fail to do so, their monthly pay checks will not be delivered to them until all other monthly accounts are settled.

General William C. Gorgas has been named Commander of the Legion of Honor by the French government in recognition of his services.

### RED CROSS.

Word has been received of the assignment of W. B. Carlock as field director at Hospital No. 30, Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. Carlock was on the local Red Cross staff until a few weeks ago.

A new piano has been donated to the Red Cross House by Weser Bros. of Newark. The presentation took place last night. It was obtained through the agency of Miss Rendall.

The Officers gave a dance Tuesday evening for the members of the Red Cross Motor Unit. There was a vocal solo by Miss Rendall, who also announced the gift, by Weser Bros., of a piano to Officers' Quarters.

Recent visitors included Miss Fiske, manager of the publicity department, Atlantic division, Red Cross; Messrs. Fretwell, Pelletton and Schaefer, department of education, Surgeon General's office; Major A. D. Gillette, director of entertainments, Atlantic division.

The week's program included:

Tuesday, films displayed by the J. W. B.; Wednesday, Camp Raritan band; Thursday, vaudeville; tonight, films furnished by the Atlantic division.

Sunday afternoon, from 3 to 4, the Westfield Band will give a concert in the Red Cross House. There will be specialty numbers by the trombone quartet and jazz members. Sunday evening there will be a vaudeville entertainment.

### JEWISH WELFARE BOARD.

Thursday, January 16th, marked the conclusion of two weeks' entertainments given under the auspices of the J. W. B. at this post. The talent consisted of well-known professionals, who delighted their audiences each time they made their appearance.

In addition to a very elaborate program, a Committee of ladies of the Elizabeth Section Council of Jewish Women, provided and served the boys with delicious cakes, gum and smokes, which the boys greatly enjoyed.

For the coming week, Rabbi Reichert has arranged the following interesting program:

Monday, January 27th, at the Y. M. C. A., a film story entitled, "Ashes of Love."

Tuesday, January 28th, at the Red Cross, "The Kaiser's Finish," in eight reels.

Thursday, January 30, at the K. of C., vaudeville show.

## Wounds Being Classified For Benefit of Patients

Each injured soldier returning from overseas will find himself under the care of one of the most skilled and experienced surgeons in the United States for the treatment of that particular kind of injury, pursuant to a letter now being sent all army hospitals by Surgeon General Merritte W. Ireland.

Various cases have been classified, so that the wounded are being sent to the hospitals best equipped both in personnel and material to care for their particular injury.

"The Chief of Surgical Service must exercise great care and judgment in selecting the best men to care for each case or group of cases, being guided by the skill and experience of the surgeon," says the letter. "It is of great importance that overseas wounded should have the benefit of the highest degree of professional skill and experience in their treatment, to insure the best possible ultimate results, the greatest restoration of function, and the shortest convalescence."

In case a hospital receiving overseas cases should find itself without sufficient personnel of high skill in handling the kind of cases assigned it, the Surgeon General's Office is to be notified immediately, and the deficiency remedied.

Consultations between surgeons and physicians specializing in different branches of work is directed whenever it may benefit the particular case. "The treatment of many of these conditions is properly a teamwork proposition," say the Surgeon General.

### THOSE WRAP LEGGINS.

I have a pair of spiral wraps  
That go from foot to knee—  
They often love to tempt a chap's  
Intense profanity.

In circlets smooth and pliable  
They go around and 'round—  
Yet, snake-like, they are liable  
To trail upon the ground—

They're not to be depended  
On—like serpents they deceive;  
I'm sure they're both descended  
From the snake that ruined Eve!

Lieutenants Berg and Mikesell, formerly enlisted men in the Medical Detachment, visited the Hospital last week en route home after being discharged. In the old days Lieut. Berg was a Sergeant in the X-Ray department while Lieut. Mikesell was a private in the Records office.

The Post extends its condolences to Lieutenant Fraser on the death of his brother. Lieutenant Fraser attended the funeral.

Lieut. King, who was severely burned in the Officer's Quarter's fire has gone to Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, for further observation and treatment.

Capt. James Miller Barnett and 1st Lieut. William Aloysius Behan have been ordered to report to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research New York.

Frequent remark: "Now that the war is over, etc."—Adjutant: "Usual answer."



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PLAINFIELD, N. J.



# "OVER HERE"

Official Publication of  
U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, NO. 3  
Rahway, N. J.

Published Every Friday

Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. Upshur  
Commanding Officer

Lieutenant John F. Redly, Chaplain, Advisor

Sergeant W. E. Conway, Editor

Private Edward S. Bessman, Advertising Manager

All copy for Over Here must be in the hands  
of the Editor not later than Saturday night of  
each week.

Friday, January 24, 1919.

## WHEN THE BOYS REACH HOME.

It is only within the last two or three years that the thought of our nation as an intimate, personal organization demanding and worthy of our individual support and attention, has presented itself to that conglomerate body known as Americans. At least, such was the situation in the case of the young man who, in most cases, was inclined to regard his nation as a harmonious union of States, the destiny of which was to be a spiritual father in the conduct of material affairs, and reduce to a minimum the demands of legal statutes and the limitation of privileges.

Politics was commonly regarded as an odd profession, patronized mostly by those who were endowed with felicity of speech or who had failed to achieve their modicum of success in other lines of endeavor. Election day, and the priceless privilege of casting a ballot, were quite likely to be regarded in a humorous vein, and frequently furnished exhibition facilities for the practical jokers of the community. The actual result of the election and the qualifications, character and record of the contesting candidates frequently were of minor importance. A small wager or an intense desire to appear learned, often was sufficient to bring forth most enthusiastic support of an avowedly unfit candidate.

Since those days some millions of our youth have taken the most drastic step of their lives—a step which set aside their cherished individualism and tended to mold them into a unified and numbered mass of humanity that strove, without quavering, for the great goal regardless of the sufferings of or the losses to its component parts. These youngsters, fresh from school, the workshop, from offices, learned through the media of substantial demonstrations that the future welfare of the State is dependent upon the present sacrificial offerings of the individual.

They learned to reverence the flag which was unfurled daily to the rays of the sun and invariably removed before the fall of night. They read the official State papers with a feeling of keen, personal, interest. They reviewed the history and the achievements of this easy-

going nation and noted, perhaps with surprise, that our standing among the powers was not divinely ordained or achieved without a lengthy struggle. They began to think in hemispheres.

Through the medium of the Liberty Loan campaigns they became shareholders in the national corporation, and clippers of coupons when the dividends were declared. They felt a peculiar personal pride in the promotion of our military necessities and they forgot their own discomforts and the risks they were assuming, in the anxiety and thrill they felt regarding the outcome of the war.

Today, hundreds of thousands of these men are being returned to civil life; other thousands are awaiting only the time when they may leave their sick beds or abandon their crutches. What are their thoughts and plans for the future?

On many sides may be heard expressions that these returning heroes will not return to the arduous pursuits of industry; that they will not be amenable to the regulations which restrain civilians; and that they will wreck whatever structures of conventionality there may be standing in the way.

It will not be so. There will be isolated instances, but not a majority movement. These men went to war cherishing and praising the ideals of democracy; they retain the memory of sights they saw; homes destroyed—others' homes, not theirs—and they will not be in sympathy with mob action. They will labor in peace for the constant betterment of the nation for which they fought. They will not destroy the indomitable spirit that carried them through training camps, submarine zones and machine gun nests. They fought rather than substitute autoeracy for democracy. They will not exchange liberty for license.

## CONCERNING THE GOLD AND THE SILVER.

To the Editor:

We have noticed a tendency among a great many of the overseas patients to laugh and jeer whenever they see a man pass with two or three silver service stripes on his sleeve, making some sort of disparaging remark such as "Pipe the home guard, boys, with the white paint on his sleeves."

Don't do it, men of the A. E. F.! It doesn't reflect any credit on yourselves. You had all the luck and won the gold stripes honorably, but the men who must be content with the silver, were just as anxious as you to see the Front, but were never given the opportunity. They waited, hoped and prayed for the hour to come when they would be called to do their bit Over There, but it never came. Uncle Sam said that men were needed to take care of you when you came back wounded from the battlefield and they were chosen.

So we ask you: Is it fair to consider yourselves better than they, or only the ones who had the better luck? We are certain that your opinion will be the latter.

"FRIEND OF THE BOYS."

## THEY LIE IN FRANCE WHERE LILIES BLOOM

They lie in France  
Where lilies bloom;  
Those flowers pale  
That guard each tomb  
Are saintly souls  
That smiling stand  
Close by them in  
That Martyred land,

And mutely there the long night shadows creep  
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep,  
While o'er them through the dusk go silently  
The, grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea,  
And lately round them moaned the Winter wind  
Whose voice, lamenting, sounds so coldly kind,  
Yet in their faith those waiting hearts abide  
The time when turns forever that false tide.

In France they lie  
Where lilies bloom,  
Those flowers fair  
For them made room.  
Not vainly placed  
The crosses stand  
Within that brave  
And stricken land;  
Their honor lives,  
Their love endures,  
Their noble death  
The right assures,

For they shall have their hearts' desire  
They who, unflinching, braved the fire,  
Across the fields their eyes at last shall see  
Through clouds and mist the hosts of victory.

—Percival Allen, in the New York Times.

\* \* \* \* \*

Much depends upon the point of view.  
For instance, the Guard House is just like the  
other buildings—from the outside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maybe our boys who are keeping the  
watch on the Rhine won't want to come home,  
now that we are going "dry."

\* \* \* \* \*

Was that New York editor spoofing or  
serious when he referred to morale as "more  
ale?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Frequently it is the warrior who got no  
further than England who makes the most  
sport of the silver chevrons.

\* \* \* \* \*

The honorably discharged soldier has no  
idea what a fine fellow he is until he reads it  
in his discharge paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bachelors join clubs; married men dodge  
them, says the Observing Female.

\* \* \* \* \*

A number of the boys are getting mar-  
ried without waiting for the verdict of the  
Peace Conference.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another advantage of remaining in the  
Army is that we don't have to wear Derby  
hats.

\* \* \* \* \*

The man who can get his pass signed, his  
shoes shined and his girl dated, all on the  
same day, need not worry about his future  
success.



## The Joys of Editing an Army Camp Magazine

(From "Treat 'Em Rough")

In order to successfully handle the editorial end of an army camp publication, you must, first of all, be a good carpenter. If you have had some experience as a house-wrecker, so much the better.

The editorial offices are continually being moved from one place to another. Always you are either building an office or tearing one down.

You must be able, on short notice, to manufacture a desk, chair and other office equipment out of whatever material is handiest. A medium sized box confiscated from the commissary makes an excellent chair.

The novice at the army editorial game is sure to try his hand at building partitions, so as to have a private office. This is a waste of time. Before the partition is built you will probably receive orders to move again.

Nor is this all the moving around you are compelled to do. You may leave your barracks in the morning, returning in the evening to find that your outfit has been moved during the day to the other end of the camp. On such occasions, if you have worked until late at the place which is, by courtesy, called your "office," you may be forced to bunk most any place for the night. Then you will probably be turned in A. W. O. L. at the new barracks next morning.

You must prepare your copy, keep your books of record, keep all your material and supplies of whatever nature, do all the thousand and one things which fall to the editor's lot, wherever you happen to be for the time being.

"Time being" is the only kind of time there is, as far as you are concerned. Yesterday is dead—and tomorrow you move again.

As an editor, you are supposed to have special details occasionally to do various odd jobs. Since it takes about eleven days to get a requisition through for such details, time and worry are saved by doing the odd jobs yourself.

With an army camp publication,

the watch-word is, "Let George do it." The editor is George.

As regards the gathering of news, you work under considerable difficulty. All real news is kept a dark secret from you by the powers that be. This, presumably for military reasons. If some one SHOULD happen to send in a good story, the manuscript must go through military channels to be O. K'd. The channels seem to be in a constant state of congestion, so that a news story which would have been timely last May is released for publication along in September sometime. For much of your material, therefore, you are forced to rely on magazines and newspapers of general circulation. They seem to be able to get away with it—somehow.

Scores of men will promise faithfully to write an article for you about something or other. Then they proceed to promptly forget all about it and you may have to write the article yourself. If you do, you may use your imagination somewhat, with the result that you are later accused of printing gross inaccuracies. If you stick to only such fragments of fact as you are sure of, the result is a flat, dull and uninteresting article which is merely a collection of words and doesn't say anything.

The main trouble is that an army camp publication has no status officially. It is like a sore thumb—it's always in the way. It doesn't "belong" anywhere.

Officers are universally in favor of having an army camp publication. They help it along whenever they can. But they always bump up against the fact that there is no precedent for doing this or that thing for the magazine.

After having passed through the throes of arranging the material, laying out the pages, reading the proof and finally getting a completed issue off the press, the editor then becomes a news-boy and a delivery boy. Thus is circulation achieved.

With all the trouble, fuss, late hours, hard work and worry, it's a great game. But if you think it's an easy job, just try it.

retaries at the Y. M. C. A. house and is getting acquainted with the many visitors to the house.

The "hut mothers" have arranged to be at the Y house Monday afternoons and Thursday evenings for the purpose of doing all sorts of mending for the boys. Bring in your clothes that are in need of repairs.

### DANCE AT PLAINFIELD

A number of Plainfield ladies are arranging an entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Jewish Welfare Board, at Plainfield on the evening of January 29. The event will take place in Columbus Hall.

The program will offer many interesting numbers—a dinner at 6 o'clock; a program of songs during the serving of the meal and a general dance during the later hours of the evening. Transportation will be provided for the men at the hospital.

### SGT. TILFORD DISCHARGED.

Sergeant J. Ross Tilford, Detachment, Medical Department, received an honorable discharge and departed for his home in New York, last Saturday. The order for his discharge came from the Adjutant General office on Friday. Sergeant Tilford will sail for China on February 1 to act as secretary to a representative of the American Banking Group who is about to make a study of business conditions in the Far East. His discharge was requested by the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, he having been in their employ before entering the Army. Sergeant Tilford is well qualified to serve with the banking group, having spent considerable time in China and in the leading European cities.

The Post regrets to see Sergeant Tilford depart although all are glad to note the opportunity that has come his way. During his stay at this hospital he performed important work in a manner that won the commendation of his superior officers and also earned the esteem of the enlisted personnel.

### K. C.

Joseph F. Ungerer, late of the supreme office at New Haven, has arrived at this post and has assumed his duties as General Secretary of the Knights of Columbus House. Mr. Ungerer succeeds Mr. Gates, who has returned to civil life and to his home in Albany.

Mr. Ungerer has many plans which he intends to carry out. He proposes to make the K. C. house one of the busy places at this post, and to provide an abundance of entertainment and of comforts for the men stationed here.

One of his first moves will have to do with the renovating of the K. C. house. He is arranging for a complete repainting of the building and also the installation of new furniture. The old piano will be replaced with a new one.

While Mr. Ungerer has had little time to work out a program, he has had good success thus far. On Wednesday night he offered a show under the auspices of the Elizabeth Council, and he has other interesting entertainments in sight.

Tom Fox has been detailed to the K. C. house.

### THE CHANGE.

You were asked to make a change  
When came your country's call,  
You left behind your plant and range,  
Your work, your home and all.

The world is still a-wondering  
At the U. S. and its "pep,"  
From "civies" into khaki,  
You made it in a step.

Your great fight was not in vain,  
You're the freest 'neath the sun,  
Now comes the change to civil life—  
Your duty then is done.

P. S. L., Ward 2.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* WHAT EVERY SOLDIER \*  
\* OUGHT TO KNOW. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Easter Sunday will fall on Sunday in 1958.

A woman, age 25 to 29, height five feet, two inches, should weigh 122 pounds.

Beans are on the free list of U. S. custom duties.

### IT'S A GOOD YARN EVEN THO' THERE ARE NO AFFIDAVITS.

Over in Ward 25, is a youth, Everett M. Howe, who has quite an edge on all his fellow Patients. He is the possessor of a two-column newspaper clipping, illustrated with his photograph and narrating a thrilling story of Howe's adventures in the late war. His friends read the clipping with great interest and then, as a rule turn on Howe and toss him about in such a rough manner that none but a wounded man could hope to escape with his life.

It seems that his friends accuse Howe of being seriously afflicted with the new Army Hospital ailment, Kiddemallitis, or "tell it to the press; Mr. Sweeney is out." They point with pride to his escape from a German prison, with his little Belgian sweetheart, and the long walk of 120 miles to the Swiss border. The conventional diet, turnips, was the only food available and there was no mess sergeant to "cuss out" when the fare grew monotonous. Numerous guards bit the dust when they attempted to block the path of the escaping lovers. Today the girl waits for Howe in Paris, whence he will return as soon as he gets his discharge and his money.

"There isn't any phase of the great war that Sergeant Howe hasn't tasted," says the clipping. "In Paris, just having a good time, when the war began, he enlisted with the Foreign Legion. Shortly after American troops began to arrive in France he was transferred to the American army as instructor. He has been in almost all the big affairs, Verdun, Champagne, Soissons, at Vimy Ridge and Chateau Thierry. He was with the legion in Liege when the Belgians put up such a stiff fight to keep back the German invaders. He has been wounded several times, but never seriously, the worst being a shrapnel wound which has left his right arm a bit stiff. He wears the ribbons which indicate possession of the Croix de Guerre, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Medal Militaire."

### BASKETBALL.

The first big game of the basketball season was played by our team last Saturday evening at Lakewood, N. J., against the U. S. A. General Hospital No. 9 team. Our boys showed a marked improvement over their play in other games but lost by a score of 32 to 22. A few new men were seen on the team, and one in particular, Harry T. Davis, played a spectacular game at forward. His passing and shooting of goals could not be exceeded. The other boys also played a good steady game. The last half was exceedingly fast and our boys were coming strong when the final whistle blew.

The Lakewood team will play a return game here February 1. Our team is affiliated with a league which is being organized and the men are working hard to make a good showing and uphold the reputation of No. 3.

Sarj Davidson (at Mercy House) — "And I want some breads and jam, too, and, oh say, don't spaget the forghetti!"

### Y. M. C. A.

The biggest crowd of the season was at the Y-House Tuesday evening, when another "Post Talent" entertainment was given. There was scarcely standing room left when the show began.

The Nurses achieved a big success with their act, "Dolls of All Nations." It was one of the best attractions seen here all winter and received great applause.

Private Raymond Wilson again demonstrated his versatility by giving a 30-minute exhibition of sharp shooting and knife throwing.

The musical numbers consisted of violin solos by Miss West and Private Casper and a whistling solo by Private Billingsley.

The Erie Railroad band, of 40 pieces has been booked for an early appearance.

Mrs. Edgar's class in interpretive dancing appeared last night and delighted the men by giving a splendid program of dances.

Mr. Rich has joined the staff of sec-



## WARD ROOMERS.

Private Buckdole, of Ward 7, teaches love letter writing free. Hours, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Since it has become known that Private Jones was a private detective in civil life, everyone around his ward is watching his (or her) step.

Ward 11 has found its faith, Private Faith having been removed there.

The boys are suggesting that a traffic cop be stationed on Corridor Avenue and No-Man's-Land.

Private Coleman, returning from N. Y., reports Broadway and 42nd approximately in the same location.

Private Prune complained to the mess sergeant that the coffee looked like mud. The sergeant replied, "Naturally, it was ground this morning." Tee! Hee!

Corporal Harry J. Stone returned from furlough with a sore foot. He hurt it during a long walk hunting for the well known Old Green River, 'tis said.

A jazz band is in operation in Ward 7. Prof. Buckdole is its leader. The band plays in the sun parlor on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. More members wanted. Apply at once. All you need is one arm or leg.

Sergeant Albert (that's his last name, girls, really!) is doing well in Ward 5. We hope his long stay in Ward 5 does not hold up the pay of the Detachment men.

Ward 7 has been trying the experiment of strychnine on onions to make them grow. The result is being watched with interest.

Can it be that the "hot dogs" of last week had gone through the laundry? Else how could they have shrunk so?

## WHAT'S TIME IN RAHWAY?

At 7:15 p. m. Neira and Lester approached the Rahway ticket agent and inquired about the next train for Colonia. "You've just missed the 6:54", she said.

## TO THY BEAUTY, O MESS KIT.

O Kit, I gaze on thee three times a day

And watch thee catch each sun-beam's gleaming ray,  
With what fond care and soap do I adorn

Thy shining cheeks against inspection morn.

Oh, Kit, thy face hath made me feel ensouled,

Thy glist'ning brightness promised feasts untold

When, seizing thee as bugles call to mess,

I hug thee with passionate caress.  
A tip-toe, double-timing, have I run,  
Bareheaded, eager, through the wind and sun

To reach the hall where thou couldst best be served,  
Receiving sweets thy radiant sheen deserved.

And there, heart-high, I hold thee open wide

And see, alas, O, with what woe betide,

Thee heaped with this disguise,  
synthetic brew

Which on analysis discloses stew.

There is some talk of branding the married officers so that they may be distinguished readily. The insignia has not been determined.



WE HAVE AMONGST OUR MIDST.

## NURSE-RY RHYMES.

## Hirsute Verse.

Of late  
Bald Pate,  
Mystery to me  
Why in No. 3  
Grow a goatee  
Need a toupee  
Some splashes  
With moustaches  
Need eyelashes  
Comma and dashes.  
?????????

Four little nursies sitting 'neath a tree,  
Along came a major and then there were three.  
Three little nursies, looking very blue,  
A captain toddled up and then there were two.  
Two little nursies feeling they'd been done,  
But along came a Lieut., which left only one.  
One little nursie, ready for a cry—  
Private saunters up, but he walks right by.

## Books in the Q M. Library:

Henry Gordons' "Germ of Madness" or "My Life In Colonia;" Hruby's, "Calouses" or "After Your Shoes Are Worn Out You'll Still Be On Your Feet;" Snowden's, "From the Insurance Biz to Q. M. Property Sergeant;" Worrell's, "Milk Maid" or "The Queen of the Goat Hills;" Solomon's, "Spaghetti" or the "Mystery of the Mess Hall;" Albert's, "Highway Robbery" or the "Company Payroll;" Hewitt's, "The Floor-walker" or "Why the Baby Cried at Midnight;" Rose's, "Pail of Suds;" Crabtree's, "She Stoops to Conquer" (from the scrubwoman's romance); Barrett's, "The Dog's Life" or "Why They Feed Us Sausages For Breakfast;" Kezar's, "The Actress' Make-up" or the "Corner Drug Store."

## THE ARMY—EACH MAN WHERE HE BELONGS

Consider the Medical property office and the men who are holding down the "politicians jobs" there. In civil life:

Lieut. Diekman was a dairy worker (long, long ago.)  
Exstein drove a bread wagon.  
Estrada tending bar, mostly on the outside.  
Tyrrholm, medicine peddler, with wagon.  
Tabler, street car conductor (jitney jipper).  
Fisher, rag presser.  
Barkdull, farmer.  
Covington, barber.  
Cowan, drove an ice wagon.  
Cumbers, chauffeur of hand truck.  
Lazelle, printer's devil.

## OVERSEA MEN: GREETINGS FROM THE VOUS FAMILY

Do you remember all the Vous you met in France? They seemed to be everywhere and almost as numerous as the Damn Family in the United States.

There are Monsieur and Madame Vous, whose first names are Avez and Parlez (better known as "Polly").

There are the mysterious Vous twins Taisez Vous and Mefiez Vous, who are performing a patriotic service by warning the public against enemy aliens.

And there is Savez Vous who wants to know if you know; Voulez Vous who wants to know if you will; Pouvez Vous who wants to know if you are able and Souvenez Vous who wants to know if you remember.

This is only a beginning, for the Vous family is one of the largest and best known in France.

## BARRACK BUNK.

Sergeant King, of the Post Exchange, says he is satisfied with the Army. His lady friend remarked that he looks fine in uniform.

Sergeant Tilford was so electrified with the sudden arrival of his discharge papers that his mustache sprouted over night.

The "late Corporal" (now Sergeant) Bach is reported lost, strayed, hiding in the wilds of Columbus, O. Jimmie, beware or the W. W. will get you.

Grover J. Barrett, the "sleep king," of Barrack 2, is reported to have challenged any Corps man to a sleeping contest. The boys say his last attempt was spoiled when he was called to report at the warehouse after doing a slumber stunt from Saturday noon until Monday a. m.

Burris, of the elegant canteen staff, is reputed to wake up at 4 each morning in order to be sure and get to work on time.

Frank Lynch has a Buick roadster for sale. He hopes he never sells it, owing to the fun he is having demonstrating the car to prospective (and fair) buyers. (Advt.)

The "band" in Barrack 4 is specializing in dreamy waltzes these moonlight nights. All the members are going calling in Elizabeth as soon as they get paid.

Private Schneider, of the laundry, practices playing the cornet to the accompaniment of a typewriting machine.

Sergeant Beck, of the mess, formerly was a detective. Why not put him on the job of finding the beef in the beef stew?

Private First Class Larkin, erstwhile bugler, has been succeeded by Private First Class Evans. Larkin has been detailed to Lieut. Dovell's office, while Evans has assumed the task of arousing the boys at 5:45 and making 'em like it.

## THE ETERNAL QUESTION

(Referred to Buskey)

I ain't much worried 'bout them Boche,  
An' worry less about them Turks,  
An' th' Austrians aint a-doin' much,  
A-judgin' by their works.

An' I ain't a-feelin' sorry,  
'Cause I lost a blame good pal,  
An' my heart ain't had no crackin'  
Jus' because o' some durn gal.

An' th' old high cost o' livin'  
Never troubles me no more;  
An' I ain't begun t' worry  
'Bout some job at th' close o' war.

But they is one pesky question  
That is always puzzlin' me,  
An' they ain't no use in tryin'—  
I kaint' make it leave me be.

And' the' doggone cause o' trouble  
That is bringin' all this wail,  
Don't take me very long in statin'  
Where in — is all our mail?

One of the officers suggests that the particular section where the detachment men depart from the corridor leading to Nurses' Quarters should be known as "Dead Man's Curve." He who fails to turn in the right direction there may have a chance of learning why the name is appropriate.



## Men Coming Home From the Army--Have Earned

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Whatever wasn't 100%—wasn't good enough to win.

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PERTH AMBOY, N. J.



\*\*\*\*\*  
**CHAPEL SERVICES.**  
 \*\*\*\*\*

1. **WHAT?** There are Chapel services at this post.

2. **WHY?** To help you to render to God the things that are God's.

3. **WHERE?** In the gymnasium of the Physical Therapy Building.

4. **WHEN?** On Sunday mornings. At 8:30 mass will be said for Catholics. At 10:30 Post services (undenominational) will be conducted.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* **WHEN YOU'RE DISCHARGED!** \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

After making an extended visit, where board and room are free, it is customary to write a "bread and butter" letter or a "thank you, mum" letter to your host or hostess. All the best guides on "The Welcome Guest" and other social subjects, are very strict on this subject. The writing of these letters is no easy task and so, OVER HERE, having had absolutely no experience in society, gladly undertakes to draft a model letter for the use of the oodles of soldiers who are being discharged from the Army. We would suggest that you write to your commanding officer, somewhat after this fashion: Dear Cap:

Well, Cap, here I am at home and Mama says I must have had a perfectly corking time at the Government House Party which the draft board invited me to in 1917. She insists that I write you immediately and say that it was so nice of you to invite me to Camp Mud and to take such a personal interest in me while I was there—seeing that I had a place to sleep and giving me my own

little set of dishes—sister Consuella thinks they are perfectly darling, although the Cook says she won't have them around her kitchen,—but you never can tell about a Cook, as I so often remarked that month I was on K. P., can you Cap?

I feel frightfully out of place in my new citizens' clothes, having sent back practically all the clothes which you so generously furnished me for my outing at your camp. The stupid express man insisted upon shipping my Army shoes as two suit-cases until I showed him the laces and even then he wanted to pack my overcoat in one of them and my sweaters in the other. I was in a quandary what to do with my wrapped leggings until the School Board borrowed them for use in a May Pole dance which they are giving.

Tomorrow noon I am going to attend a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce, where they read papers on great civic events and discuss Whom and What We Have Done in Nineteen Eighteen. I'm all thrilled over it and the Secretary has asked me to speak on "Silver Chevs Among The Gold." They serve an awfully good luncheon there, I'm told.

Well, Cap, this is more than I intended writing but I do want to thank you for the good times I had while visiting you—the long walks you arranged for me, and the many opportunities I had for getting close to nature, especially in rainy weather.

Well, this must be all for now. I'm sorry I didn't have the chance to see you before I left—and General Blank, too,—good old Gen—but I'm always excited and thoughtless when packing up. Hoping to hear from you

well in advance of the next war, I am,

Yours devotedly,

A. BUCK PRIVATE.

P. S.—My insurance papers arrived today.

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